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## TOWN BOYS AND COUNTRY BOYS.

FROM my residence, which is suburban and almost rural, the central city may be reached by various streets; but the shortest way is by one of the meaner order, which I sometimes adopt when I am in a hurry. Direct, however, as it may be, I often question if it be the means of saving any time, as what is gained in space seems fully lost in the difficulty of making one's way. While the neighbouring squares and octagons, which shelter the lofty and the gay, appear to be almost entirely inhabited by unmarried, or at least childless people, this humble thoroughfare, occupied exclusively by the poor, absolutely swarms with juvenile population. From the one end to the other of its narrow and crooked length, it is thronged by groups of little ones, some of whom squat upon the ground making what they call "houses" by means of rows of stones or ridges of sand, while others walk, hop, run, and rush along, in innumerable varieties of form and attire, whooping, squalling, laughing, and whimpering, or simply uttering those sharp unmeaning cries by which children speak the unburdened mind. In struggling through this human shrubbery, you hardly know whether to be most afraid on your own account, or on that of the children. An incautious step may prostrate you athwart a bed of little girls, from which you will hardly be able to sprawl out without smothering some half dozen of them. Or you may shed two or three small totters into the muddy sewer beside the pavement, exposing them to a compound death of fracturing and drowning; or come into collision with the toes of some barefooted creatures of larger growth, whose consequent pain you would much rather feel in your own proper person. On the other hand, a whirlwind of tumultuous and half-breeked rogues may rush from an entry, and capsize you before you are aware. Or a rascal with a little wheelbarrow will come pell-mell along in front or in rear, and never know where he is, or what he is doing, till he has jammed his vehicle, with all its contents, whatever these may be, between your legs; leaving you in something like the predicament of the colossus of Rhodes, with a ship passing below—except that in your case, instead of the ship passing through, you have to extricate yourself from the ship. Or a miss will make her jumping rope come over your head, so as to clasp you in an uneasy embrace, from which extrication is even more difficult. Or—you may imagine a thousand other accidents equally disagreeable. "Al is bot bairns," as Gavin Douglas might have said. They dance and gleam before you like the ephemera of the summer eve. You see, feel, hear, nothing but children. A friend of mine calls the place Bairns' [q. d. Behring's] Straits, and I never knew a more allowable pun. Into this thronged and mazy thoroughfare, the lollipop woman, the raree showman, and the Italian vender of stucco images, never venture: a rabbit burrowing in an ant's nest would be the only parallel circumstance in nature; they would be overpowered by the mere force of numbers.

I never witness the scene which I have thus attempted to describe, without mentally contrasting the associations which must eventually dwell in the minds of children reared under such circumstances, with those which remain in the minds of youngsters, who, like myself, were educated in the country. The reminiscences of the country boy refer to streams in which he has "paidlet," hedges and woods which he has searched for nests, and river-side greens over which he has toiled at cricket or "shinty"—my own dear native game—for long sunshiny afternoons, without ever feeling the least weariness, till laid in a bed where all is soon forgotten in healthy sleep. He has

had farming uncles, whose milk he has swilled without measure, whose geans he has plundered, and in whose mill-dams he has been several times drowned; grandmothers of untiring kindness in the spreading of bread and butter, and the disbursement of halfpence for tops; and sworn friends of his own age, who were at all times ready to exchange the privilege of riding their father's horse to water, for an appropriate consideration in "pieces;" a coin sometimes both broad and weighty, though not composed of either gold or silver—nor of copper neither. He knows all about the habits of birds, and bees, and butterflies, and has assisted at various affairs of wasps, where he has shown equal skill and bravery. He knows the names of the principal garden flowers, and the nature of the principal trees, most of which he could once climb like a wild cat. Of rabbits, and the way-side researches necessary for foddering them, he has many pleasant memories, and his first ideas of science he can trace to an old sun-dial in his father's garden. The gowan of the green, the cowslip of the meadow, the heather and the blueberry of the hill, flourish in eternal bloom and sweetness within his heart, and are more precious to him than many more substantial possessions. What Saturdays he has had at the crow-wood! What delicious bathing in the clear pebble-paved pools of his pastoral river! What glorious excursions into the remote country, provisioned originally with an unusual allowance of bread, all of which was absorbed by the exhaustless appetite of youth, before he had travelled half a mile, leaving the remainder of the journey to be performed on empty pockets! Upon the country boy, existence awakes in the lap of nature. His eye takes its first lessons of taste from her endless forms of beauty; his ear becomes attuned to her ceaseless melodies; his whole mind is filled with ideas in which she bears a principal part. Even the hardships she has exposed him to, become a portion of that worship with which, in later years, and amidst scenes totally artificial, he never ceases to regard her.

How different from all this must be the associations of the city boy! One reared in a scene like that just adverted to, will have recollections of narrow houses in narrow streets, of tops attempted to be whipped upon crowded pavements, of races run in crooked and long-descending alleys, and halfpence spent on sweetmeats and toys at the neighbouring huckstry-woman's. For burns in which to paddle, and rivers in which to bathe, there are only gutters which defile, and pumps often unprofitably dry. Sports requiring space and sword must be unknown; country objects, such as hills, and trees, and flowers, as strange to the eye as the things of a museum or a menagerie. No roving Saturdays, no crow-nesting excursions. The only tolerable things about Edinburgh in my young days were the visits to the Black Rocks near Leith pier, where, from the rapid influx usually made by the tide, there was a considerable chance of being drowned; and the bickers, or party-fights between the boys of one part of the town and those of another, at which it was not impossible to be stoned to death. At an earlier period, there had been perilous climbings along the precipitous Castle-rock, and not less adventurous slidings on the North Loch. But the places which once afforded these sports are now sequestered from the recourse of boys, while the police have effectually quelled the bickers; so that scarcely any place or means of amusement, besides what may be found on the bare streets, is left to the rising generation. Our citizens now grow up without knowing half the pleasures which this world affords gratis to all who choose to take them—without having perhaps a single red-letter day in the whole calendar

of their memories. The generation now middle-aged had sultry reminiscences of Leith races, with the ribboned purse flying at the magistrates' stand, and all kinds of things selling on the pier and the beach. They were full of whimsical notions about the old Town Guard, the Krames, and the odd characters, half-crazed and otherwise, who then flourished in the city. But our modern youth!—why, unless it be a drowsy recollection of the Commissioner's Table, or an odd visit to Duddingstone Loch, I do not see what they can have to look back upon in mature years, over and above the mere gross common run of things, which were, are, and ever more will be, and therefore make no impression on any body.

In respect of that legendary lore, which, time out of mind, has been the first that entered the minds of young people, and which at once awakes and delights their imaginations, besides bringing many of their finest feelings into exercise, the town boys are equally at a disadvantage. In my own native burgh—small, ancient, and secluded—it is not yet thirty years since I sat beside the knees of old women and servants, hearing tale after tale, and ballad after ballad, in which the faculties of wonder and imagination, and the sentiments of indignation and pity, were kept in constant excitement. There was the story of Provost Dickson, who, having given offence at a market to some country people, with whom he had been drinking (it was, apparently, about the time of the Revolution), was assailed by them in the evening at the back of the Dean's Well, where he fell, like Cæsar, covered with wounds, the inflictors of which were never discovered or brought to justice. There was the still more moving tale of the premature death of the daughter of Provost Muir, whose gravestone in the churchyard bore a homely metrical epitaph, not without its pathos to an unsophisticated ear. The earls of March, who once resided in the neighbouring castle of Neidpath, supplied their share to the entertainment. An old woman in the town, named Eppie Brothertanes, who had been a domestic at Neidpath, and who was still treated by the family with much affability, one day saw the earl riding past her house at the head of the Old Town, as if upon a journey to Edinburgh, and, running out, she called after him, to know when he was to return. "'Gain' Friday, Eppie," was the answer of the kind-hearted young nobleman; and, accordingly, on Friday—my narrator would add with a lowered voice—he was brought back a corpse. The ruined halls of this extinct race, their grass-grown terraced gardens where now the sheep were placed to feed, their neglected burial vault beside the old parish church, were all at hand and daily under view, to increase the effect of these touching tales. There were also stories of individuals who had "put down themselves," and whose dishonoured bodies, interred at a little distance from the town, had given to particular localities a wild and eerie interest. Even those narratives which referred to debasing superstitions I am now inclined to excuse, for the effect which they had in elevating the mind above the realities of ordinary life. Haunted houses were described as filled at night with the sound produced by the rustling silks of some old lady ghost, whom uneasiness in the other world had sent back to this. In a lonely country-house, the mistress, who had long been ailing, was sitting in the parlour with a few female friends, who had come to inquire for her, when the door was opened, and a person unknown to all present looked in for a moment, and then retired. "That's something for me," said the dying lady to her companions, who were simultaneously impressed with the supernatural character of the incident; and it was not long ere her death.

hour arrived. Old men were either spoken of by recollection, or pointed out in life, who were understood to have had rencounters, in lonely places, with the incarnate enemy of man, whom, after a warm debate, and perhaps a personal conflict, they had invariably succeeded in putting to flight by dint of their extraordinary piety. Saints of an earlier time were spoken of, who had willingly given their lives as a testimony for their faith, and through whose constancy the existing religious privileges of the people had been purchased. The coach of Sir George Mackenzie was described as having passed under the Netherbow Port in Edinburgh, three weeks after the head of Cameron had been placed there, when several drops of blood suddenly fell upon the top of the vehicle. Every effort was made to wash off or erase the accusing liquid, but without effect; and the conscience-struck persecutor was at last obliged to have his coach furnished with a new top. But the most affecting of all these fireside entertainments consisted in the singing of old ballads; a tribe of recitals either springing directly from the people, or greatly modified by them, yet, strange to say, introducing the hearer into a world more unlike the present, more dreamy, mystical, and impressive, than any to be found in the most imaginative literature, the *Thalaba* and *Kehama* of Southey not excepted. I must, however, take opportunity elsewhere to dilate upon this singular poetical inheritance of the Scottish nation.

The metropolitan youth of the same period—with whom I had also some intercourse—were not without a few corresponding mysticisms. They had a vague notion respecting a subterranean passage between the Castle and Holyrood Palace, which had been originally destined for the convenience of the inhabitants of the latter building, but in time fell into disuse. When its very existence had become a matter of doubt, a piper undertook to penetrate its awful recesses, playing his pipes as he went along, so that the people in the street above might know the progress he was making. They followed him from the Castle to the Trou Church—about half-way—but the pipes ceased at that point: the poor piper was never more seen, and the subterranean passage remained nearly as great a mystery as ever. Long, long ago—so another story ran—the Castle was held out by a powerful lord against a large army, who at last succeeded in taking it. The great lord, who possessed a vast treasure in an iron box, resolved at once to put himself and his money beyond the reach of his enemies. Knowing that at one part of the rock, a little below the top, there existed a projecting iron hook, he threw himself down, along on the box in his descent, and was killed by falling to the bottom. The treasure has ever since hung secure upon its hook, having not only defied the researches of the besiegers, but the perhaps still more keen and minute exploration of the various generations of Edinburgh boys, who, age after age, have spent their Saturday afternoons in climbing along the precipices. Indeed, it hangs in such a hidden and inaccessible place, that it is not likely ever to be discovered by any body. In the Lawnmarket, there was a common stair, in which a gentleman had many years ago been stabbed to the heart by some one who had him at feud, and which the boys would point out with a kind of shuddering awe. In the same street, a house was supposed to exist, which had been shut up since long before any one remembered, in consequence of some mysterious circumstance. A supper party had assembled—all was light and cheerfulness, when something happened; the company dispersed in horror and dismay, and the host and his family departed, locking the door behind them, never to return. Since that night, the house has not once been opened; every article of furniture remains as it was left; the very goose which was preparing for supper, is still at the fire, awaiting a purpose which it will never fulfil! The Edinburgh boys also rejoiced in the terrors of Major Weir and his haunted tenement in the Bow. In the Grassmarket they saw the gallows-stone, where so many martyrs had breathed their last in psalms of devout triumph. At the Cowgate Port, they could distinguish a stone high in the adjacent wall, on which were some fragments of iron-work, said to have been employed in fixing the head of the Marquis of Argyle upon the Tolbooth. At the Gibbet Toll, a few stones by the wayside were known by them to mark the place where the body of Montrose had been ignominiously buried. They also knew the balcony of Moray House in the Canongate, where the former of these nobles had stood, in power and prosperity, to see the latter dragged up the street, on his way from the lost battle-field to the scarcely less bloody scaffold. The same street, they knew, had witnessed a similar progress made by the *Marie Hamilton* of the touching old ballad—

As she gazed up the Canongate,  
The Canongate sae frie,  
Mony a lady looked over her window,  
Weeping for this lady.  
When she cam to the Netherbow Port,  
She laucht loud laughters three;  
But when she cam to the gallows fit,  
The tears blinded her ee.  
Oh little did my mother ken,  
That day she cradled me,  
What lands I was to travel ower,  
What death I was to die.

But these associations have perished with the bickers, and *Leith* races, and the squibs of the King's Birth-

day. Our modern youngsters are reared with an exercise of their perceptive faculties only. Their imagination lies dead till called into life by the reading of literary fiction. And having in childhood laid up none of the images, fancies, and sentiments which I have described as being poured upon myself in the country, they want, in their adult years, those reminiscences upon which I and every other native of the primitive portions of the land now set such store—those things which, upon a fair inventory of our possessions, ideal and material, we are inclined to think nearly the most precious of all. Among the city poor, all of whose circumstances are hard enough, this deprivation must be esteemed as no small addition to an unhappy lot; and even among the city rich, I esteem it a considerable drawback. A benevolent father of my acquaintance used to take his children to see every unusual scene within reach, and at judicious intervals indulged them in cheap strawberry and gooseberry feasts out of town, in order, as he said, that, in future years, when engaged in the turmoils of business, they might have a few happy youthful days to look back upon—every such "play" forming, as he thought, a kind of lens, which was to send a dispersive light of roseate hue throughout the whole of the subsequent part of life. This I conceive to be a most economical means of increasing human happiness, for an inch-breadth of joy in childhood becomes in middle life an illumination for the whole theatre of the mind. Let me suggest that every such expedient ought to be adopted by those who have the charge of families in confined city-pent situations, to compensate the unavoidable deficiency of natural scenes, pleasing adventures, and appeals to the imagination and feelings, which must otherwise leave the mature age of their offspring comparatively waste.

#### THE HUMAN STATURE.

ALL the productions of nature—no matter whether we contemplate the curiously constructed fabric of animal bodies, the structure of plants, or the regularly arranged particles of minerals—are in themselves perfect; and, as if it were intended that the eye of every observant being should be gratified, all we behold seems to have been moulded in a cast of beauty such as must in every instance excite admiration. In the vegetable kingdom—from the oak of the forest to the gracefully drooping willow of the valley, from the rarest flower of foreign climes to the most common weed—we behold the most agreeable variety; so, too, in the animal kingdom—from the lions and tigers which prowl wild through the woods, down to the lizards and serpents that creep along the grass or desert sands—from the eagle that builds its eyrie on the loftiest cliff, down to the little humming-bird which flits about like a mote in a sunbeam—all we see excites wonder and admiration. Yet, amidst all that has been created, the human form, by universal consent, has been esteemed the most admirable; so just are all its proportions; so exquisitely do they harmonize together; and so obviously is the whole stamped with the expression of superior intelligence. The exquisitely perfect structure of the human figure is nevertheless dependent, in a great measure, on cultivation. Man, in his physical as well as in his moral qualities, is an improvable savage. His race, by means of training, attention to feeding, clothing, and exercise, is susceptible of being raised from ungainly to elegant proportions; as, for example, from the condition of the natives of New Holland to that of the refined inhabitants of Europe.

The improvements which may thus be effected on the human fabric, would appear to have extremely little influence on the stature of mankind. There seems to be a standard of height, from which partial deviations every where occur; but taking mankind in the gross, from the earliest till the present time, and under all circumstances of climate and diet, their general height has varied and still varies from five to little more than six, and, in extreme instances, seven feet. Independently of the substantial proofs which are produced of this fact, it is apparent to our senses that human beings never were and never will be any taller than they are at present. Their average height, from five to six feet, is decidedly in accordance with the stature and form of animals on whom they depend for assistance, and also the external character of inanimate nature. Philosophers have usually found considerable difficulty in accounting for the stature of particular races, tallness being sometimes the attribute of savage, and at other times of civilised life. In this country, the average height of men is five feet eight inches; the average height of women five feet five inches; and all who exceed or are beneath either of these measurements, may be considered above or below the ordinary standard. In the temperate climate of Europe, the stature of the human race may be said to vary from five feet and a half to six feet; but in the high northern latitudes, where the growth of animals and vegetables is checked by the intensity of the cold, the stature of man is low. The Laplanders, Greenlanders, and Esquimaux, are all very short, measuring only from four to a little above

five feet; but there is no uniformity between any particular climate and variety of human stature. It is true that the Laplander is short, but the Norwegian, living nearly in the same latitude, is tall; so, also, while the Hottentots, living in the south of Africa, are very short, the Caffres, a neighbouring tribe, are tall, robust, and muscular. In Asia, the Chinese and Japanese are nearly of the same stature as ourselves; but the Mongols, and some other tribes, are remarkably short. The inhabitants of America present us with very striking differences. In the regions north of Canada, the tribes are very tall; among the Cherokees many exceed the height of six feet, and few are below five feet eight or ten inches. The western Americans of Nootka Sound, near the Columbia, are of low stature; so also are many tribes in South America. The Patagonians, a savage people living at the south-eastern extremity of the continent of South America, are usually represented as being the most gigantic human inhabitants of the globe. Some travellers have alleged that these men grow to a height of eight feet, which is certainly an exaggeration. Their stature was measured with great accuracy by the Spanish officers in 1785 and 1786, when they found the common height to be six and a half to seven feet, and the highest was seven feet one inch and a quarter.

Individuals of very remarkable height have frequently existed; and among them the following examples, which we believe to be well authenticated, may be adduced:—

|  | Fe. In. |
|--|---------|
| Duke John Frederic of Brunswick, Hanover, measured | 8 6     |
| One of the King of Prussia's guards                | 8 6     |
| Gilly, a Swede (exhibited as a show)               | 8 0     |
| Reichardt of Frielberg, near Frankfurt             | 8 3     |
| Martin Salmeron, a Mexican                         | 7 3½    |
| An Irishman (skeleton in the London College)       | 8 6     |
| A Danish female, named La Pierre                   | 7 9     |

But while we call to recollection these and other gigantic personages, we may also remember, that a remarkable diminution of stature is likewise frequently observable.

|  |                    |
|--|--------------------|
| Bebe, King of Poland, measured only                      | 33 inches (French) |
| Bonolaski, a Polish nobleman (skilled in many languages) | 29 in. do.         |
| Stoberin, a female in Nuremberg                          | 3 feet.            |

In some instances, these varieties of stature appear to have been hereditary; thus, the father and sister of the gigantic Reichardt, above mentioned, were gigantic; the parents, brothers, and sisters of Stoberin, dwarfs. It is well known that the King of Prussia had a body of gigantic guards, consisting of the tallest men who could be collected from all the neighbouring countries. A regiment of these men was stationed, during fifty years, at Potsdam. "And now," says Forster, "a great number of the present inhabitants of that place are gigantic, which is more especially striking in the numerous gigantic figures of women, and is certainly owing to the connections and intermarriages of these tall men with the females of that town."

All such cases, showing an excess or a diminution of the development of the human body, may be regarded as irregularities of nature, or as species of monstrosities. Accordingly, those men who have much exceeded the ordinary standard are generally ill proportioned, and have not possessed strength corresponding to their size. In general, in such cases the nervous system seems as if insufficient to supply with muscular vigour, or intellectual energy, the demands of the preternaturally sized body. It may indeed be remarked, that a sort of healthy balance should exist between mind and matter; and if, therefore, from the original formation of the body, or from habits of luxury, the human frame make too great a demand on the nervous influence, by which all its parts are animated, the mind itself must be enfeebled and impaired. Dwarfs are, for the most part, the victims of disease; they are in general ill made; their heads are very large, and their powers, physical and mental, very feeble. It may be concluded, then, that few healthy well-made men, having all the attributes of their race, will be found to exist who are much above or much below the average height of their fellow-countrymen. The causes which produce these varieties of stature are not well understood; but, doubtless, a simple mode of life, nutritious sustenance, and a salubrious atmosphere, will be found to favour the full, healthy, and natural development of the human body. Mankind, ever fond of indulging in the marvellous, have very willingly given credence to fabulous accounts of the great stature of men in the early ages of the world.

It is a fashion with all poets, and with early historians, who often encroach on the land of fable, to describe giants as originally composing the nations whose praises they sing, or whose history they record; but such narratives are for the most part founded only on popular traditions, which have been sometimes suggested by superstition, and not unfrequently by the premeditated craft of interested and better informed persons. To excite the energies of the people, and to goad them on to war, their leaders often represented their enemies to them as gigantic beings, who would destroy them, unless they prepared themselves for the most enterprising and daring feats. We have already said that there exist indubitable proofs of the fact that the human race has in no respect declined in stature or strength. Those who advocate the progressive degeneracy of mankind, reason upon an insubstantial basis. The Scriptural statement, that "there were giants in those days," has indeed given rise to much



useless discussion; for while some have maintained that all men before the deluge were giants, others have argued, more correctly, that no giants ever existed, but that the term simply refers to men noted for their crimes, and the violence they committed. There is certainly no reason to suppose that the general stature of man differed before the flood from that which we at present observe; yet that some few very gigantic men did exist, is recorded on authentic testimony; nor, from the instances above mentioned of men of extraordinary stature, could such occurrences be regarded as marvellous, or out of the ordinary course of experience.

The remains of Egyptian mummies preserved from the earliest antiquity prove satisfactorily that the stature of the Egyptians did not exceed the ordinary height of the human race; many of these being five feet six inches, five feet eight inches, &c. Besides which, from the helmets and breast-plates preserved, from the buildings designed for their accommodation, and from monuments and works of art that have escaped the vicissitudes of ages, we may be satisfied that men were not formerly any taller than they are at present. Immense bones have often been dug up, and exhibited as the bones of men, which, on inspection, have proved to be those of animals. In 1613, the bones of a great giant, called Teutobachus, were shown through Europe; but these, on inspection, turned out to be the bones of an elephant. It is remarkable, that even the great natural historian Buffon fell into a similar blunder, which has been corrected by Blumenbach.

### THE LIE OF BENEVOLENCE, A STORY.

[Every species of lying is deserving of reprobation. This is a sentiment to which, doubtless, all correct thinking persons will respond; yet there can be no doubt that many excellent and well-disposed individuals do not scruple, on certain occasions, and under particular circumstances, to lie, either in direct terms, or by implication. In such cases it is generally represented that the end sanctions the means; they perhaps say that they conceal the truth in order to prevent mischief, which is a most dangerous principle to act upon, and one which very frequently leads to the disclosure of the very circumstances they were desirous to conceal, and in a way more fatal to their peace. Of the effects of this kind of falsehood, called the *LIE OF BENEVOLENCE*, Mrs. Ople, in her excellent little work entitled "*Illustrations of Lying in all its Branches*" (Longman, 1825), presents the following story, which we have condensed for the benefit of our youthful readers:—]

EDGAR VERNON was the son of the vicar of a small parish in Westmoreland, and was distinguished above all his brothers for his aptitude in learning, general cleverness, and generosity of disposition. These good qualities were, however, of no avail, on account of the restlessness and daringness of his disposition, which rendered him unamenable to discipline, and threatened to ruin his prospects in the world. With the view of curbing his impetuous temper, his father at length resolved to send him to a public school at a distance from his home; and to this seminary he was consequently dispatched. This step was not taken without exciting painful emotions. The tender-hearted father and mother wept as they parted from their dearly beloved boy, while Edgar, overcome by the scene, uttered words of tender contrition, which spoke comfort to the minds of his parents when they beheld him no longer.

But, short were the hopes which that parting hour had excited. In a few months the master of the school wrote to complain of the insubordination of his new pupil. In his next letter he declared that he should soon be under the necessity of expelling him; and Edgar had not been at school six months before he prevented the threatened expulsion, only by running away, no one knew whither! Nor was he heard of by his family for four years; during which time, not even the dutiful affection of their other sons, nor their success in life, had power to heal the breaking heart of the mother, nor cheer the depressed spirits of the father. At length the prodigal returned, ill, meagre, penniless, and penitent, and was received, and forgiven. "But where hast thou been, my child, this long, long time?" said his mother, tenderly weeping, as she gazed on his pale sunken cheek. "Ask me no questions! I am here; that is enough," Edgar Vernon replied, shuddering as he spoke. "It is enough!" cried his mother, throwing herself on his neck! "for this, my son, was dead, and is alive again; was lost, and is found!" But the father felt and thought differently; he knew that it was his duty to interrogate his son, and he resolved to insist on knowing where and how those long four years had been passed. He resolved, however, to delay his questions till his Edgar's health was re-established; and when that time arrived, he told him that he expected to know all that had befallen him since he ran away from school. "Spare me till to-morrow," said Edgar Vernon, "and then you shall know all." His father acquiesced; but the next morning Edgar had disappeared, leaving the following letter behind him:—

"I cannot, dare not, tell you what a wretch I have been! though I own your right to demand such a confession from me. Therefore, I must become a wanderer again! Pray for me, dearest and tenderest of mothers! Pray for me, best of fathers and of men! I dare not pray for myself, for I am a vile and wretched sinner, though your grateful and affectionate son, E. V." Though this letter nearly drove the mother to distraction, it contained for the father a degree of soothing comfort.

How had those four years been passed by Edgar

Vernon?—that important period of a boy's life, the years from fourteen to eighteen? Suffice it that, under a feigned name, in order that he might not be traced, he had entered on board a merchant ship; that he had left it after he had made one voyage; that he was taken into the service of what is called a *sporting character*, whom he had met on board ship, who saw that Edgar had talents and spirit which he might render serviceable to his own pursuits. This man, finding he was the son of a gentleman, treated him as such, and initiated him gradually into the various arts of gambling, and the vices of the metropolis; but one night they were both surprised by the officers of justice at a noted gaming-house; and, after a desperate scuffle, Edgar escaped wounded, and nearly killed, to a house in the suburbs. There he remained till he was safe from pursuit, and then, believing himself in danger of dying, he longed for the comfort of his paternal roof; he also longed for paternal forgiveness; and the prodigal returned to his forgiving parents.

But as this was a tale which Edgar might well shrink from relating to a pure and pious father, flight was far easier than such a confession. His father, however, continued to hope for his reformation, and was therefore little prepared for the next intelligence of his son, which reached him through a private channel. A friend wrote to inform him that Edgar was taken up for having passed forged notes, knowing them to be forgeries; that he would soon be fully committed to prison for trial, and would be tried with his accomplices at the ensuing assizes for Middlesex.

At first, even the firmness of Vernon yielded to the stroke, and he was bowed low unto the earth. But the confiding Christian struggled against the sorrows of the suffering father, and overcame them; till at last he was able to exclaim, "I will go to him! I will be near him at his trial! I will be near him even at his death, if death be his portion! And, no doubt, I shall be permitted to awaken him to a sense of his guilt. Yes, I may be permitted to see him expire contrite before God and man, and calling on his name who is able to save to the uttermost!" But just as he was setting off for Middlesex, his wife, who had long been declining, was to all appearance so much worse, that he could not leave her. She, having had suspicions that all was not right with Edgar, contrived to discover the *TRUTH*, which had been kindly, but erroneously, concealed from her, and had sunk under the sudden, unmitigated blow; and the welcome intelligence that the *prosecutor had withdrawn the charge*, came at a moment when the sorrows of the bereaved husband had closed the father's heart against the voice of gladness.

"This good news came too late to save thee, poor victim!" he exclaimed, as he knelt beside the corpse of her whom he had loved so long and so tenderly; "and I feel that I cannot, cannot yet rejoice in it as I ought."

Meanwhile, Edgar Vernon, when unexpectedly liberated from what he knew to be certain danger to his life, resolved, on the ground of having been falsely taken up, and as an innocent, injured man, to visit his parents; for he had heard of his mother's illness, and his heart yearned to behold her once more. But it was only in the dark hour that he dared venture to approach his home; and it was his intention to discover himself at first to his mother only. Accordingly, the grey parsonage was scarcely visible in the shadows of twilight, when he reached the gate that led to the back door, at which he gently knocked, but in vain. No one answered his knock; all was still within and around. What could this mean? He then walked round the house, and looked in at the window; all there was dark and quiet as the grave; but the church bell was tolling, while alarmed, awed, and overpowered, he leaned against the gate. At this moment he saw two men rapidly pass along the road, saying, "I fear we shall be too late for the funeral! I wonder how the poor old man will bear it, for he loved his wife dearly!" "Ay; and so he did that wicked boy, who has been the death of her," replied the other.

These words shot like an arrow through the not yet callous heart of Edgar Vernon, and, throwing himself on the ground, he groaned aloud in his agony; but the next minute, with the speed of desperation, he ran towards the church, and reached it just as the service was over, the mourners departing, and as his father was borne away, nearly insensible, in the arms of his virtuous sons.

At such a moment Edgar was able to enter the church unheeded, for all eyes were on his afflicted parent; and the self-convicted culprit dared not force himself, at a time like that, on the notice of the father whom he had so grievously injured. But his poor bursting heart felt that it must vent its agony or break; and ere the coffin was lowered into the vault, he rushed forwards, and, throwing himself across it, called upon his mother's name, in an accent so piteous and appalling, that the assistants, though they did not recognise him at first, were unable to drive him away, so awed, so affected were they by the agony which they witnessed.

At length he rose up and endeavoured to speak, but in vain; then, holding his clenched fists to his forehead, he screamed out "Heaven preserve my senses!" and rushed from the church with all the speed of desperation. Casting one long lingering look at the abode of his childhood, he fled for ever from the house of mourning, humiliation, and safety.

In a few days, however, he wrote to his father, detailing his reasons for visiting home, and all the agonies which he had experienced during his short stay. Full of consolation was this letter to that bereaved and mourning heart! for to him it seemed the language of contrition; and he lamented that his beloved wife was not alive to share in the hope which it gave him. "Would that he had come, or would now come to me!" he exclaimed; but the letter had no date, and he knew not whither to send an invitation. But where was he, and what was he at that period? In gambling-houses, at cock-fights, sparring-matches, fairs, and in every scene where prodigality prevailed the most; while at all these places he had a pre-eminence in skill which endeared these pursuits to him, and made his occasional contrition powerless to influence him to amendment of life. He therefore continued to disregard the warning voice within him, till at length it was no longer heeded.

One night, when on his way to Y—, where races were to succeed the assizes, which had just commenced, he stopped at an inn to refresh his horse; and, being hot with riding, and depressed by some recent losses at play, he drank very freely of the spirits which he had ordered. At this moment he saw a schoolfellow of his in the bar, who, like himself, was on his way to Y—. This young man was of a coarse, unfeeling nature, and, having had a fortune left him, was full of the consequence of newly-acquired wealth. Therefore, when Edgar Vernon impulsively approached him, and, putting his hand out, asked how he did, Dunham haughtily drew back, put his hands behind him, and, in the hearing of several persons, replied, "I do not know you, sir!" "Not know me, Dunham!" cried Edgar Vernon, turning very pale. "That is to say, I do not choose to know you." "And why not?" cried Edgar, seizing his arm, and with a look of menace. "Because—because—I do not choose to know a man who murdered his mother." "Murdered his mother!" cried the bystanders, holding up their hands, and regarding Edgar Vernon with a look of horror. "Wretch!" cried he, seizing Dunham in his powerful grasp, "explain yourself this moment, or—" "Then take your fingers from my throat!" Edgar did so; and Dunham said, "I meant only that you broke your mother's heart by your ill conduct; and, pray, was not that murdering her?" While he was saying this, Edgar Vernon stood with folded arms, rolling his eyes wildly from one of the bystanders to the other, and seeing, as he believed, disgust towards him in the countenances of them all. When Dunham had finished speaking, Edgar Vernon wrung his hands in agony, saying, "True, most true, I am a murderer! I am a parricide!" Then, suddenly drinking off a large glass of brandy near him, he quitted the room, and, mounting his horse, rode off at full speed. Aim and object in view, he had none; he was only trying to ride from himself—trying to escape from those looks of horror and aversion which the remarks of Dunham had provoked. But what right had Dunham so to provoke him?

After he had put this question to himself, the image of Dunham, scornfully rejecting his hand, alone took possession of his remembrance, till he thirsted for revenge; and the irritation of the moment urged him to seek it immediately.

The opportunity, as he rightly suspected, was in his power; Dunham would soon be coming that way on his road to Y—, and he would meet him. He did so; and, riding up to him, seized the bridle of his horse, exclaiming, "You have called me a murderer, Dunham, and you were right; for though I loved my mother dearly, and would have died for her, I killed her by my wicked course of life!" "Well, well; I know that," replied Dunham, "so let me go; for I tell you I do not like to be seen with such as you. Let me go, I say!"

He did let him go; but it was as the tiger lets go its prey, to spring on it again. A blow from Edgar's nervous arm knocked the rash insulter from his horse. In another minute Dunham lay on the road, a bleeding corpse; and the next morning officers were out in pursuit of the murderer. That wretched man was soon found, and soon secured. Indeed he had not desired to avoid pursuit; but as soon as the irritation of drunkenness and revenge had subsided, the agony of remorse took possession of his soul, and he confessed his crime with tears of the bitterest penitence. To be brief: Edgar Vernon was carried into that city as a manacled criminal, which he had expected to leave as a successful gambler; and before the end of the assizes, he was condemned to death.

He made a full confession of his guilt before the judge pronounced condemnation; gave a brief statement of the provocation which he received from the deceased; blaming himself at the same time for his criminal revenge, in so heart-rending a manner, and lamenting so pathetically the disgrace and misery in which he had involved his father and family, that every heart was melted to compassion; and the judge wept, while he passed on him the awful sentence of the law.

His conduct in prison was so exemplary, that it proved he had not forgotten his father's precepts, though he had not acted upon them; and his brothers, for whom he sent, found him in a state of mind which afforded them the only and best consolation. This contrite lowly Christian state of mind accompanied him to the awful end of his existence; and it

might be justly said of him, that "nothing in his life became him like the losing it."

Painful, indeed, was the anxiety of Edgar and his brothers, lest their father should learn this horrible circumstance; but as the culprit was arraigned under a feigned name, and as the crime, trial, and execution had taken, and would take up, so short a period of time, they flattered themselves that he would never learn how and where Edgar died, but would implicitly believe what was told him. They therefore wrote him word that Edgar had been taken ill at an inn, near London, on his road home; that he had sent for them; and they had little hopes of his recovery. They followed this letter of BENEVOLENT LIES as soon as they could, to inform him that all was over.

The sight of their mournings on their return, told the tale to the father which he dreaded to hear, yet which he would at the time have borne up against; and wringing their hands in silence, he left the room, but soon returned, and, with surprising composure, said, "Well, now I can bear to hear particulars." Now was the time for their telling the real state of the case; but unfortunately the truth was not told. In a short time, the sorely tried father regained a degree of cheerfulness, and he expressed a wish to visit, during the summer months, an old college friend who lived in Yorkshire. This the sons entirely disapproved of, from a secret dread that he might possibly learn the real fate of his deceased child. However, as he was bent on going, they could not find a sufficient excuse for preventing it, and he set off by the stage-coach on his journey.

The coach stopped at an inn outside the city of York; and as Vernon was not disposed to eat any dinner, he strolled along the road, till he came to a small church, pleasantly situated, and entered the churchyard to read, as was his custom, the inscriptions on the tombstones. While thus engaged, he saw a man filling up a new-made grave, and entered into conversation with him. He found it was the sexton himself, and he drew from him several anecdotes of the persons interred around them. During this conversation they had walked over the whole of the ground, when, just as they were going to leave the spot, the sexton stopped to pluck some weeds from a grave near the corner of it, and Vernon stopped also; taking hold, as he did so, of a small willow sapling, planted near the corner itself.

As the man rose from his occupation, and saw where Vernon stood, he smiled significantly, and said, "I planted that willow; and it is on a grave, though the grave is not marked out." "Indeed!" "Yes; it is the grave of a murderer." "Of a murderer!" echoed Vernon, instinctively shuddering, and moving away from it. "Yes," resumed he, "of a murderer who was hanged at York. Poor lad! it was very right that he should be hanged; but he was not a hardened villain—and he died so penitent! and as I knew him when he used to visit where I was groom, I could not help planting this tree, for old acquaintance' sake." Here he drew his hand across his eyes. "Then he was not a low-born man?" "Oh no; his father was a clergyman, I think." "Indeed! poor man: was he living at the time?" said Vernon, deeply sighing. "Oh yes; for his poor son did so fret, lest his father should ever know what he had done; for he said he was an angel upon earth, and he could not bear to think how he would grieve: for, poor lad! he loved his father and his mother too, though he did so badly." "Is his mother living?" "No; if she had, he would have been alive; but his evil courses broke her heart; and it was because the man he killed reproached him for having murdered his mother, that he was provoked to murder him." "Poor, rash, mistaken youth! then he had provocation?" "Oh yes, the greatest; but he was very sorry for what he had done; and it would have broken your heart to hear him talk of his poor father." "I am glad I did not hear him," said Vernon hastily, and in a faltering voice (for he thought of Edgar). "And yet, sir, it would have done your heart good too." "Then he had virtuous feelings, and loved his father amidst all his errors?" "Ay." "And I dare say his father loved him, in spite of his faults?" "I dare say he did," replied the man; "for one's children are our own flesh and blood, you know, sir, after all that is said and done; and maybe this young fellow was spoiled in the bringing up." "Perhaps so," said Vernon, sighing deeply. "However, this poor lad made a very good end." "I am very glad of that!—and he lies here?" continued Vernon, gazing on the spot with deepening interest, and moving nearer to it as he spoke. "Peace be to his soul!—but was he not dissected?" "Yes; but his brothers got leave to have the body after dissection. They came to me; and we buried it privately at night." "His brothers came!—and who were his brothers?" "Merchants, in London; and it was a sad cut on them; but they took care that their father should not know it." "No!" cried Vernon, turning sick at heart. "Oh no; they wrote him word that his son was ill; then went to Westmoreland, and—" "Tell me," interrupted Vernon, gasping for breath, and laying his hand on his arm, "tell me the name of this poor youth!" "Why, he was tried under a false name, for the sake of his family; but his real name was Edgar Vernon!"

The agonised parent drew back, shuddered violently and repeatedly, casting up his eyes to heaven

at the same time, with a look of mingled appeal and resignation. He then rushed to the obscure spot which covered the bones of his son, threw himself upon it, and stretched his arms over it, as if embracing the unconscious deposit beneath, while his head rested on the grass, and he neither spoke nor moved. But he uttered one groan—then all was stillness!

His terrified and astonished companion remained motionless for a few moments, then stooped to raise him. But the paternal heart, broken by the sudden shock, had suffered, and breathed its last.

#### BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

OWEN GLENDOWER.

THE traditionally eminent assigned in Scotland to Sir William Wallace, and in Switzerland to William Tell, as asserters of the independence of their country, is given, in Wales, to Owen Ychan or Vaughan—more commonly called Glyndwr, from his lands of Glyndwrwy (the bank-side of the Dee) in Merionethshire. This celebrated patriot, born on the 28th of May 1349, was a lineal descendant of the princes of Wales, and lord of considerable possessions. At the time of his appearance in the world, Wales was groaning under the ill-administered government of the English, who had conquered it about a century before, without subsequently adopting those conciliatory measures which are necessary for thoroughly uniting new provinces to the principal state. The birth of the Cambrian chief is said to have been marked by circumstances betokening his extraordinary destiny: Holinshed, the English historian, says that "the same night that he was born, all his father's horses in the stable were found to stand in blood up to their bellies!" He received his education in England, and, being designed for the legal profession, was admitted a student in one of the Inns of Court in London. But, on the wars breaking out against Richard II., he deserted his studies, and took up arms in behalf of that unfortunate monarch, who knighted him for his services, and appointed him squire of his body. After the deposition and death of his master, to whom he was warmly attached, he retired to his estates in Wales, with no friendly feeling, it may be supposed, towards the triumphant Bolingbroke, who now became Henry IV. Here he married Margaret Hammer, the descendant of an ancient and influential Welsh family, by whom he had a numerous offspring.

For several years Glendower lived peacefully at his castle of Glyndwrwy, a strong building situated on what is now a beautifully wooded hillock beside the Dee; dispensing numerous blessings amongst his happy and devoted tenantry, and, probably, with no loftier wishes than those of contributing to the contentment and happiness of his numerous dependents. His establishment was every way worthy of his rank, and his wealth was rendered tributary to that spirit of boundless hospitality which it was the pride of the Welsh knight to display. Jolo, his favourite bard, informs us that within the mansion were nine spacious halls, each furnished with a wardrobe containing clothing for his retainers. On a verdant bank near the castle was a wooden building, erected on pillars, and covered with tiles: it contained eight apartments, designed as sleeping chambers for such guests as graced the castle with their company. In the immediate vicinity of the residence was every requisite for the laudable purposes of good eating and drinking; a park well stocked with deer; a warren, a pigeon-house, and heronry; a mill, an orchard, a vineyard; with a preserve or stew, well filled at all times with pike, trout, and salmon. The hospitality of the chieftain was so profuse, says the bard, that rich or poor, young or old, all were welcome to the good cheer of the castle. In short, Glendower lived in his castle like a generous and wealthy lord of the soil; and having imbibed from his English education, and from his subsequent residence at court, a taste for a more civilised mode of existence than was then common in Wales, Glyndwrwy afforded pastimes and amusements of a more rare, and, consequently, of a more costly character, than could be found elsewhere in the principality. A marked and very prominent feature in Glendower's character at this time, was the encouragement and liberality which he extended to the then persecuted and despised race of poets. It was this which contributed, more than any other circumstance, to render the chieftain an object of adoration to the Welsh; for one of the greatest calamities which had happened to the Cambro-British, was the contempt and misery into which this favoured race had fallen.

In the encouragement of the arts of poetry and music, as well as of those appertaining to the cultivation of the land, and in the exercise of all those open-hearted courtesies in which the opulent and generous Welshman delights to indulge, including, of course, all the customary pastimes of the age, Owen Glendower passed his time during the period immediately consequent upon the downfall of his royal master. We are anxious to place his actual condition at this time before the reader, that he may perceive

how careless the Welsh knight was with regard to the more stirring events of the world. Unambitious of future fame or present glory, contented and happy, he dwelt in the bosom of his family, beloved by all, and much venerated by his numerous dependents. That this was a happy state of existence, will readily be admitted by those who have mingled much with the world; but a fiend broke in upon this paradise on earth, and turned all its peace and felicity into the peril of the tented field, and the active bustle of war and defiance.

The exciting cause of Glendower's insurrection was an unjust seizure of part of his lands, by Lord Gray of Ruthyn, a neighbouring English proprietor. On an application to parliament for redress, the claim of the Welsh chief was treated with contempt, and Lord Gray confirmed in possession of the lands. About the same time, a writ of summons, calling on Glendower to attend the king on an expedition against the Scots, was entrusted to Lord Gray, and by him withheld, so that the chief was unwittingly placed in the condition of a rebel against the royal authority. The king, confirmed in his suspicions by the false representations of Gray, declared Glendower a traitor, and gave that nobleman a grant of the whole of his estates, which he immediately proceeded to take into his possession. Thus treated, it is not wonderful that a chief of that age and country resolved upon a course of vengeance. With a trusty band of friends, he lost no time in spreading desolation through the territories of Gray. He soon recovered the lands of which he had been so unjustly deprived; and, actuated by the spirit of retaliation, took possession of a large portion of the domains of his enemy. But the consequences did not rest here. The mountain wilds of Snowdon and Cader Idris resounded with the tumultuous din of insurrection. Tidings of the chieftain's success ran like wild-fire along the hills, and "Liberty and Vengeance!" was once more the terrific war-cry of the Welsh. Glendower himself, too, shook off his lethargy. Ambition now entered his mind; he called to his recollection his high and princely lineage, and, directing his arms to a nobler cause than the redressing of his own wrongs, he involved both nations in a war which lasted some years, sacrificed many thousand lives, and drenched both countries with blood.

Although the Welsh were at first despised as a barefooted rabble, and their disaffection treated with contempt, they were soon found to be a formidable and dangerous enemy. The intelligence of Glendower's retaliation upon Lord Gray no sooner reached the court, than the king dispatched some troops under the command of that nobleman and the Lord Talbot to chastise him; and they arrived with such speed and diligence, that they nearly succeeded in surrounding his house, before he gained any intimation of their approach. He contrived, however, to escape into the woods, where he did not long remain; but, having raised a band of men, he caused himself to be proclaimed Prince of Wales on the 20th of September 1400; he surprised, plundered, and burnt to the ground the greater part of the town of Ruthyn (the property of Lord Gray), at a time when a fair was held there. Having achieved this, he retreated to the mountain-fastnesses of Merionethshire, and directed his attention to the speedy and effectual augmentation of his forces.

Hitherto the disturbance in the principality had been chiefly considered as a private quarrel between Gray and Glendower, and the English government did not seem to be much concerned as to the issue. Now, however, it assumed a more serious and important aspect, and became altogether an international contest. The proclamation issued by Owen alarmed Henry, who determined to march in person into Wales to curb the boldness of the rebel chieftain, and to crush, if possible, a revolt daily becoming more extensive and momentous. For this purpose, he assembled his troops, and hastened into Wales; but Glendower, whose forces were not yet sufficiently powerful, retreated to the fastnesses of Snowdon, and Henry was compelled to return to England, without having obtained any material advantage. In order, however, to weaken his opponent, he made a grant of all the chieftain's estates in North and South Wales to his own brother, John Earl of Somerset; an act as ineffectual as it was irritating; for Glendower was so far from any danger of being dispossessed of them, that, at this very time, he was daily growing more powerful by the accession of new forces. It is remarkable, that the chieftain's revenue, in money, at this period, did not exceed three hundred marks, which shows that his rents in kind must have been very considerable.

Preparations were now made by the king to commence a regular war with the Welsh; and that they might have no plea of undue severity to urge, a proclamation was issued on the 30th of November, in the same year (1400), offering to protect all Welshmen who would repair to Chester, and there make submission to Prince Henry, after which they should be at full liberty to return to their respective homes. Few, however, availed themselves of the monarch's clemency. The martial spirit of the Welsh was once more kindled into action; and Glendower found his cause warmly espoused by great numbers of his countrymen. Multitudes from all quarters flocked to his standard, and contributed to make him a most formidable opponent—so formidable, indeed, that Henry,



notwithstanding some very urgent affairs which had detained him at the capital, resolved to march again into Wales; and, entering the principality about the beginning of June 1401, he ravaged the country in his progress, but was finally forced to retreat, his men having suffered severely from fatigue and famine.

The misfortunes which befell the king's army greatly encouraged the rebels; and a comet, which ushered in the year 1402, infused new spirit into the minds of a superstitious people, and imparted additional vigour to their exertions. A victory, also, which Glendower obtained about this time over a powerful force commanded by Lord Gray, strengthened their hopes of success, and gained the chieftain many friends and followers. By this event, Gray fell into the hands of the insurgents, and was secured in close confinement till a ransom of six thousand marks, and, in accordance with the rude policy of the age, a promise to marry one of Owen's daughters, released him from captivity. So elevated were the Welsh with these simultaneous successes, that, if we may believe the prejudiced Holinshed, they were "uplifted with high pride, and their wicked and presumptuous attempts were marvellously increased." At all events, the Welsh patriot now extended his designs, and plundered the domains of all such as were inimical to him, spreading fire and sword through the lands of his opponents. He revenged, also, in some degree, the indignities inflicted upon his royal master, the ill-fated Richard, for whom he seems to have entertained strong feelings of regard and commiseration. John Trevor, Bishop of St Asaph, who had voted for the deposition of that unfortunate king, became a marked object of his vengeance; and the cathedral, episcopal palace, and canons' houses belonging to the see, were ransacked and destroyed.

A victory at Bryn-glâs, over the troops of Sir Edward Mortimer, whom he took prisoner, induced the king to march once more against the Welsh, with an army divided into three portions, which were to rendezvous respectively at Shrewsbury, Hereford, and Chester, on the 27th of August. Glendower beheld these formidable preparations without dismay, and continued to devastate the country, destroying the principal towns in Glamorganshire, the inhabitants of that district having refused to embrace his cause, and receiving from all other parts of Wales fresh succours and supplies.

At the time appointed, Henry and his generals advanced towards the principality, and Glendower, too prudent to hazard an engagement with a force so superior in every respect to his own, again retired to the fastnesses among the mountains, driving the cattle from the plains, and destroying every means by which the enemy could procure food for themselves or forage for their horses. The English, willing to conceal their shame, attributed the cause of their ill success to the incantations of the British chieftain, who, as Holinshed expresses it, "through art magic (as was thought) caused such foul weather of winds, tempest, rain, snows, and hail, to be raised for the annoyance of the king's army, that the like had not been heard of." Perhaps Glendower, as well to infuse terror into his foes as to give his own people a more exalted notion of his powers, might politically insinuate his skill in spells and charms. This species of credulity was in full vigour at the time, and it is not improbable that the mountain-chief might have endeavoured to influence his followers by pretending to a proficiency in the mystic arts of sorcery and divination.

The Scots now took advantage of the king's absence from the capital, and, under the command of the renowned Archibald Douglas, surnamed Tyneman, invaded England with an army of thirteen thousand men. It is probable that they acted in concert with the Welsh. Be this as it may, the revolt in the north was of no small advantage to Glendower, for this event, and the adverse state of the weather, contributed to compel Henry once more to relinquish his design of reducing the Welsh rebels; and, for the third time, he quitted the principality without having accomplished any part of his purpose.

"Three times did Henry Bolingbroke make head  
Against the Welsh; thrice from the banks of Wye,  
And sandy-bottom'd Severn, did they send  
Him bootless back, and weather-beaten home."

The crown of England now began to totter on the brow of the usurper Bolingbroke; for, in addition to his disasters in Wales, the powerful and wealthy family of the Percies conspired to throw off its allegiance to Henry. A dispute between the king and the Earl of Northumberland appears to have been the primary cause of this disaffection; and, perhaps, the desire of becoming entirely independent might have contributed in no small degree to the same effect. At all events, be the causes what they may, this family and its numerous adherents joined Glendower, and added very materially to the power of the Welsh. The rebels gained another very important ally this year—Sir Edward Mortimer, whom we have already mentioned, Glendower had taken prisoner at the battle of Bryn-glâs. He procured the alliance of this knight, whom he had treated with great kindness and liberality since his capture, by insinuating that it might be in his power to seat the representative of his house upon the throne of his ancestors—a temptation not to be withstood by the brave and ambitious captive. Glendower, therefore, Sir Edward Mortimer, and the gallant Percy, entered into a confederacy to overthrow the house of Lancaster, and to advance to the sovereignty of England the nephew of Mortimer, who

had unquestionably a preferable title to the crown. So confident were the rebel chieftains of success, that they determined beforehand to divide the empire between them, so that, when they had subdued their opponents, no discord might arise as to a division of the booty. Henry Percy was to possess the district north of the Trent; Sir Edward Mortimer all the country from the Trent and Severn to the eastern and southern limits of the island; and Glendower the whole of Wales, westward from the Severn. It was on this occasion that Owen, to animate his followers, reminded them of an ancient bardic prophecy, which predicted the fall of Henry, under the name of *Moldwarp*, or "cursed of God's own mouth;" and to revive those pleasing and heroic sentiments which are always associated in the mind of a Briton with the achievements of the mighty Uthyr Pendragon (the father of the immortal Arthur), he adopted the title of the Dragon; Percy was styled the Lion, and Mortimer the Wolf: and, now in the meridian of his glory, he assembled the states of the principality at Machynlleth, in Montgomeryshire, where he was formally crowned and acknowledged Prince of Wales.\*

The affairs of Owen Glendower now bore so prosperous an aspect, that Charles, king of France, entered into an alliance with him, and compensated, in a slight degree, for the loss of the gallant and high-spirited Hotspur, who fell in the battle of Osewestry about a year before. But he did not reap any very extensive advantages from this union. When it was contracted, he appears to have arrived at the very acmé of his career, and the crisis was any thing but favourable. Although fortune had hitherto smiled upon him, the time was not far distant when he was to experience her capricious mutability; for, in an engagement between a party of his adherents (in number about eight thousand), and some English troops, the former were defeated with great loss. To repair this misfortune, Glendower instantly dispatched his son Gruffydd with a strong force; and another battle was fought five days afterwards at Mynydd y Pwll Melyn, in Brecknockshire, when the Welsh again sustained a defeat, the prince's son being taken prisoner, and his brother Tudor slain. The latter resembled the prince so closely, that it was at first reported that Glendower himself had fallen; but on examining the body, it was found to be without a wart over the eye, by which the brothers were distinguished from each other.

After this defeat, many of the patriot's followers deserted him, and he was compelled to conceal himself in caves and desert places; from which he occasionally ventured forth to visit a few trusty friends, who still adhered to him, and who supported him with food and other necessities.†

It is possible that our chieftain's career would have terminated without further hostilities, had not his new ally, the king of France, afforded him assistance. A fleet, carrying an army of twelve thousand men, sailed from Brest, and reached Wales after a favourable voyage. But this succour, seasonable and liberal as it was, seemed only to prolong the war, without being eventually of any important service. Glendower never perfectly recovered the defeat of Mynydd y Pwll Melyn. From that time he acted chiefly on the defensive, or meditated nothing more than mere marauding excursions: his followers were daily forsaking him, and he was at length obliged to seek refuge among the mountains, from whence he never emerged to perform any exploit of consequence. "A world it was," says an old annalist, "to see his quotidian removing, his painful and busy wandering, his troublesome and uncertain abiding, his continual motion, his daily peregrination in the desert fells and craggy mountains of that barren, unfertile, and depopulate country." Notwithstanding his ill fortune, however, he was still considered so important an enemy, that Henry V. condescended to propose terms for a cessation of hostilities; and a treaty to this effect was concluded a short time before his death, which happened on the 20th of September 1415, and afterwards renewed with his son Meredydd, on the 24th of February in the year following. This, let us observe, contradicts the general opinion that the Cambrian patriot died in extreme distress, "lacking meat to sustain nature, and for mere hunger and lack of food miserably pining away." It was immediately after the defeat of Mynydd y Pwll Melyn that he experienced those calamities usually attributed to a later period of his life; and we have every reason to suppose that he died—broken, indeed, in body, but unsubdued in spirit. As to the miserable deprivations alluded to by Hall and other chroniclers, they must have been merely imaginary, as his death took place at the house of one of his daughters, who had married a wealthy knight of Herefordshire. The Welsh accounts state that he was buried in the churchyard of Monnington, in the above-named county, although there is now neither monument nor memorial of any kind to mark the spot where his bones were laid.

Thus died Owen Glendower, after an eventful life of sixty-six years. Considering the gloom of the age

\* The building in which this memorable Synod was convened, is still to be seen; it forms part of the stables of the principal inn at Machynlleth.

† There is a cavern near the seaside in the romantic and wild district of Celypyn, in Merionethshire, still called *Ogof Owain*, or the Cave of Owen. He was supported here by his kinsman, Ednyfed ab Aaron, the representative of the royal tribe of Edno-wain ab Bradwen.

in which he lived, he was, in every respect, a very important and extraordinary character, and possessed a rare combination of physical as well as moral excellencies. He was bold, active, ambitious, and brave; he had the "will to dare, and the power to do," and he possessed no inconsiderable portion of military skill. He was hospitable to profusion, the patron and liberal encourager of bards, the protector of the injured, the father and the friend of his devoted dependents. In his friendships he was eager, confiding, and faithful even unto death; in his enmities, he was unforgiving, cruel, and revengeful. In his general character, he was patriotic, enthusiastic, irascible, and impetuous, so that in him were combined all the characteristics of the warm-hearted Cambro-Briton; and his gallant spirit, unsubdued to the last, achieved those exploits which are familiar to this day to the mountain-peasant of Merionethshire. After his death, the Welsh endured the miseries of an enslaved people for upwards of a century, when they were at length placed by Henry VIII. on a level with the people of England, and the commencement was made of that prosperity which they have since enjoyed.\*

#### RESIDENCE OF EUROPEANS IN THE HIMALAYA MOUNTAINS.

It is a very obvious natural fact, that coldness of the atmosphere increases in proportion to the height from grounds on the level of the sea; wherefore, as we ascend mountains, the warmth of the summer sun diminishes, and, climbing aloft, we at length attain the region of snow, or a climate resembling that of countries situated near the pole. This fact, we believe, is taken advantage of to a considerable extent in both the West and East Indies, but particularly in the latter, as a means of obtaining a temporary escape from the evils of a climate to which the residents are not inured. Along the northern boundary of the vast region of Hindostan, there is a range of mountains, higher than any other on the surface of the globe, and called the Himalaya Mountains, from the Indian word "heem," signifying snow, some of their peaks being perpetually clothed with ice and snows. In some places these mountains have been ascended by travellers to the height of 19,411 feet above the level of the sea; but even at this height they were a considerable distance from the loftiest summits, which were conjectured to be 22,000 feet in altitude. Along the sides and within the ravines or glens of the mountains are experienced all the various gradations of climate, from extreme heat to extreme cold, with a corresponding variation of vegetable growth. At 12,000 feet are found immense forests of pines; villages with native inhabitants are situated at a height of 13,000 feet; above these altitudes, vegetation gradually diminishes in strength, bushes only grow, and finally no species of verdure is seen but that of lichens upon the rocks. The establishment of encampments by Europeans among these distant and lofty mountains, for the purpose of procuring a restoration of health, is described in an article in the Asiatic Journal for April 1835, from which we make the following extract:—

"The occupation of elevated tracts of country in various parts of India, and the erection of houses in which Europeans, whose health has suffered from the extreme heat of the plains, may enjoy all the advantages of a change of climate, forms an entirely new feature in Anglo-Indian life. There are three stations in the Himalaya—Simlah, Landour, and Mussoorie—which are much resorted to by nearly all classes of Europeans belonging to the Bengal presidency: the latter has been formed into a *sanitarium*, or place of abode for convalescent British soldiers during the hot months. The establishment of a depot for those invalids whose constitutions have suffered, either through intemperance, or a long period of service, has not been found to answer so completely as it was expected: when once the health has been entirely broken down, nothing but a voyage to Europe, and a protracted residence in a cold country, will be of any avail; and as provision has not yet been made against the severity of the cold, in the wintry season, in these mountainous regions, few people at present are enabled to remain there long enough to derive any material benefit from a change of climate. The instant the convalescents descend into the plains, their complaints return; and the government has seriously contemplated the abandonment of the project, as far as it regards invalid soldiers, whom it is less expensive to send to Europe.

The time in all probability is approaching, in which British troops will no longer be exposed to the inconvenience resulting from the extreme heat of a tropical sun; a design has been entertained of bringing up the whole of the European soldiery to the hilly districts; and though this design cannot be accomplished immediately, the difficulties in the way of it

\* Abridged from an article in the *Retrospective Review* (vol. xiii.), which seems to have been compiled with great care from authentic documents, and particularly from an old manuscript in the Mostyn collection.

will doubtless be removed by time, labour, and perseverance. The establishment of large bodies in the Himalaya would, at the present period, speedily exhaust the supplies. The whole of the land brought under cultivation is not more than sufficient for the support of the inhabitants, and from the nature of the country it will not be easy to extend the toils of the husbandman in any very considerable degree. The valleys, where water is readily procurable, are extremely narrow, and the sides of the hills too steep to admit of cultivation, except by means of terraces levelled with great labour, and supported by walls of solid masonry. These terraces, rising one above another, have a very singular effect, especially when the splendid flowers which distinguish some of the crops are in full bloom. The yellow and red *bhattoo* are particularly beautiful, being the *Amaranthus anandanus* of the English garden, and grow to an amazing height; in favourable situations the stems will reach to ten feet. The harvest is usually exceedingly plentiful, and as these terraces may be carried to the very summits of the hills, a spirit of enterprise and industry will in time, no doubt, render the Himalaya a country of corn, as well as of oil; wine also may easily be added, and it is delightful to contemplate the growing prosperity of a place, which the hand of nature has so bountifully endowed, but whose very existence was scarcely known thirty years ago. The European residents have introduced the potato into the hills, and the mountaineers, though at first objecting to its use, have overcome their prejudices, and now cultivate it as an article of food: it thrives abundantly, and is in much esteem all over India.

Of the three European stations which have arisen on the hills, Simlah appears to be the greatest favourite. Many Anglo-Indians have built houses, in all which they either reside in themselves during the hot weather, or let at a very fair profit to visitors. The nature of the country will not allow of much regularity in the buildings, which at Simlah lie along a rather narrow ridge, every bit of table-land or gentle slope being eagerly seized upon for the site of a dwelling-house. Architectural beauty has not yet been much considered, but the houses are constructed upon scientific principles by able engineers, and they are solid enough to withstand the snows and tempests of the wintry season. The materials are stone, joined together without mortar, and strengthened by beams of pine wood, placed horizontally at about two feet distant from each other, and neatly dove-tailed at the angles: the roofs are sometimes of shingles, and at others of slate, or a well-tempered clay of a deep red colour, which, when sufficiently beaten, is not liable to be penetrated by the rain, or cracked by exposure to a hot sun. The interiors have not yet attained any great degree of elegance, but this will come in time. The visitants were at first but too happy to obtain a shelter from the elements, to trouble themselves about very superior accommodation, and in the crowded state of this desirable refuge, many were glad to obtain possession of a single chamber in the attic story, in a which a wooden ladder served the purpose of a stair, and which was shared by strong bodies of rats, animals always showing a predilection to domesticate with the human race. The first specimens of taste which appeared at Simlah were exhibited in the formation of gardens; and though cabbages, and other useful rather than ornamental vegetables were admitted, they were surrounded by parterres of flowers, the latter being raised from seeds brought from the plains, or reclaimed from their wild state, in which they grow in the greatest abundance. Their beauty has been much improved by cultivation; and their removal to more favourable aspects, and similar care taken with the fruit trees, which are equally abundant, would greatly increase the gratification of those persons who love to indulge in the luxuries of the orchard.

The scattered bungalows of Simlah, with their constant accompaniments of native bazaars, are perched upon dizzy heights, looking down upon deep valleys darkly clothed with pine; the natives choose more sheltered situations for their huts, many of which resemble the *chalets* of Switzerland. The roads are very steep and narrow, and not at all suited to wheel-carriages, none of which have yet found their way to this alpine region. The usual mode of conveyance is on horseback, the mountain ponies being the most trustworthy steeds, or in a *tonjaun*; but as there are not more than five miles of passable road, and the climate renders walking exercise very desirable, both horses and vehicles may be easily dispensed with.

It is impossible to do justice to the beauty and splendour of the scenery; and the effect produced by the pure cold air upon the minds of those who have suffered from the exhaustion of the plains, is indescribable. The presence of European vegetation adds considerably to the charm which nature has thrown around these sublime solitudes; the daisy and primrose enamelling the ground, the rich rhododendron mingling with oaks and firs, and the dog-rose spreading its bushes over the valleys, or hanging its garlands upon every bough, bring the liveliest recollections of home to those whose lot has been cast upon a foreign shore. The indulgence of a passion for prospects has, however, in one or two instances, been attended with fatal consequences; several narrow escapes have been recorded, and some serious accidents have arisen from the precipitous nature of the roads: the grass-ropes bridges of the Himalaya are also rather dangerous, and are not always to be passed with impunity.

The possession of so large a portion of the Himalaya seems so extraordinary, that we can scarcely credit the possibility of our having become masters of a territory, which, half a century ago, nobody dreamed of ever reaching; but having established ourselves in these hills, we may indulge in the hope of obtaining a permanent footing in a still more desirable region. Kanour, or Kunawur, a province stretching between the snowy range and Chinese Tartary, is the most delightful place which the pen of the traveller has ever attempted to describe. The climate is the finest in the world, being beyond the reach of the periodical rains, and subjected only to such gentle and refreshing showers as are necessary for the cultivation of the land. The fruits and flowers of all countries in the world flourish in this happy soil; those of Europe are indigenous, and come to perfection with little care. The grape, especially, grows in the most luxuriant abundance, and it is from this province that the whole of India might be supplied with wine. Honey also is exceedingly plentiful, and both form great temptations to marauding bears. These animals are very destructive to the vineyards and the hives, and the natives tell strange stories of the cunning with which they contrive to possess themselves of the luscious treasures of the bees, even breaking into the houses in pursuit of their favourite food.

The tourists of the Himalaya are both surprised and delighted by the beauty of the temples which are scattered throughout the wildest regions, and are much superior in their architecture and embellishments to the houses. They are under the care of the Brahmins, who have lands upon the condition of keeping them in good repair. The axe and the chisel are the only implements for carving which the mountaineers possess, but ingenuity makes up for the absence of proper tools. There are two couchant bullocks of black marble, as large as life, at the temple of Lakha Mundul, which are very creditable specimens of art. These, however, are said to be very ancient, the modern deities in use in the pagodas being chiefly brass busts, oddly enough furnished with petticoats. The hill people have not quite the same objection to the sale of their gods, as that which they manifest when urged to part with articles of more utility; and there is one superfluity which they are exceedingly willing to get rid of at a moderate price—namely, their women. It is no uncommon circumstance for a European, who asks for grain, to be offered a daughter, females being of no value and no account in these regions.

#### STORIES OF THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

"EMERGING soon from the beautiful environs of Lexington, Kentucky (says Hoffman, in his work already quoted), we rode for an hour or two through narrow roads, where the moist rich soil was fetlock-deep for our horses. But the enclosures, which were generally shut in by a worm-fence on either side, were exceedingly beautiful; and the woodland and arable were so intermixed, that the tall and taper trees of the former, now ranging in open avenues along a hill-side, and now disposed in clumps upon the meadows, as if set there by the eye of taste, produced the impression of riding through a magnificent park, whose verdant swells and embowered glades had been only here and there invaded and marred by the formal fences drawn through them.

Sunset found us upon the banks of the Elkhorn, and we crossed the stream near 'Bryant's Station,' one of the most celebrated spots in the annals of 'the Dark and Bloody Ground.' The stockade fort that once stood here was frequently a refuge from the savages in the early settlement of the adjacent country; and its gallant defence by a handful of pioneers against the allied Indians of Ohio, led on by the white renegades Girty and McKee, was one of the most desperate affairs in the Indian wars of the west. The enemy banded together at the forks of the Scioto, and planned their attack in the deep forests, a hundred miles away from the scene where it was made. The pioneers had not the slightest idea of their approach, when, sudden as the grove of spears that sprung from the dragon's teeth in classic land, a thousand rifles gleamed in the corn-fields one summer's night. That very evening the garrison had chanced to gather under arms to march to the relief of another 'station' that was similarly invested. It was a fearful moment: an hour earlier, and the pioneers would have been cut off—an hour later, and their defenceless wives and daughters must have been butchered or carried into captivity, while their natural protectors were hurrying to the rescue of others. The Indians saw at a glance that the moment was not propitious to them; and having failed in surprising the Kentuckians, they attempted to decoy them from their fastness, by presenting themselves in small parties before it. The whites were too wise to risk a battle, but they knew not how to stand a siege. The 'fort,' which was merely a collection of log-cabins arranged in a hollow square, was unhappily not supplied with water. They were aware that the attacking party knew this; they were aware, too, that their real force lay in ambush near a neighbouring spring, with the hope of cutting off those who should come to remedy the deficiency.

But the sagacity of a backwoodsman is sometimes more than a match for the cunning of an Indian, and the heroism of a woman may baffle the address of a

warrior. The females of the station determined to supply it with water from this very spring! But how? Woman's wit never devised a bolder expedient—woman's fortitude never carried one more hazardous into successful execution. They reasoned thus: The water must be had. The women are in the habit of going for it every morning. If armed men now take that duty upon them, the Indians will think that their ambuscade is discovered, and instantly commence their assault. If the women draw the water as usual, the Indians will not unmask their concealed force, but still persevere in attempting to decoy the defenders of the station without its pickets. The feat succeeded; the random-shots of the decoy party were returned with a quick fire from one side of the fort, while the women issued from the other, as if they apprehended no enemy in that quarter. Could aught be more appalling than the task before them? But they shrink not from it; they move carelessly from the gate—they advance with composure in a body to the spring—they are within point-blank shot of five hundred warriors. The slightest trepidation will betray them—the least apparent consciousness of their thrilling situation, and their doom is inevitable. But their nerves do not shrink; they wait calmly for each other until each fills her bucket in succession. The Indians are completely deceived, and not a shot is fired. The band of heroines retrace their steps with steady feet—their movement soon becomes more agitated—it is at last precipitate. But tradition says that the only water spilt was as their buckets crowded together in passing the gate. A sheet of living fire from the garrison, and the screams of the wounded Indians around the spring told that they were safe, and spoke the triumph of their friends. Insane with wrath to be thus outwitted, the foe rushed from his covert, and advanced with desperation upon the rifles of the pioneers. But who could conquer the fathers and brothers of such women? The Indians were foiled; they withdrew their forces; but on counting the number of their slain, they burned with vengeance, and rallied once more to the fight. They were again and again repulsed. Succour at last came to the pioneers, and the savages were compelled to retreat to their wild-wood haunts once more."

The author afterwards, in travelling through Western Virginia, had occasion to become acquainted with a story of a much more tragical nature, illustrative of the former condition of the country. "Some ten or twelve miles from the Tunnel (says he), I stopped to dine with a cottager, whose establishment and reception were both marked by that union of poverty and politeness which characterises the lower classes of Western Virginians. He had nothing, he said, for me to eat, but I was welcome to what he had, if I could dine in a room with half-a-dozen sick children.

'Bacon and greens,' as usual, was the dinner; and my host poured me out a good cup of coffee, while his wife was stilling the cries of an infant in her arms, and ministering to the wants of several little sufferers, on a trundle-bed, in one corner of the apartment. The good man told me that this was the only illness with which his household had ever been visited; 'and as these are the only relations I have,' he added, 'I feel some concern to get them all upon their feet again; for I want to raise the whole of them.'

In further conversation I found that the illness with which this family was afflicted was the scarlet fever, which, with the measles and other similar complaints, seems to make up the brief list of diseases that find their way into this healthy region. The father of my host, as I was informed, who was a middle-aged man, had been among the early settlers of this mountain region; and the fact of his being now without any blood relations, except those collected around his own hearth, arose from all his kindred having perished in different border frays, many years since. His father's family had been cut off at a blow, while he was yet a child; and the story of their fate was to this effect:—

It was the season for gathering peaches, and drying them for winter use; and some of the early dwellers in these fertile valleys had already spread the allied fruit on the sheds of their outhouses, to be acted upon by the declining but still ardent sun of summer. A clump of trees, richly laden with peaches, stood upon a knoll near the edge of the forest, and within a few hundred yards of the cabin of a settler. The owner of the cabin was away from home, and his eldest son had been sent over the hills upon some distant errand; while the mother of the family, with another son and a daughter, were left to the care of an uncle of the children. They were all, one quiet August evening, collected around the hillock already mentioned; some were employed in stripping the trees of their prolific burthen, and some in filling their baskets with the balmy fruit, as it lay scattered upon the ground. The little girl had partly climbed a tree, and was engaged in handing the peaches within reach to her mother; the boy stood thrashing the drooping boughs by the side of his parent; but the uncle was separated from the group, while filling his basket from the ground on the other side of the knoll. As he stooped to pick up the fruit, a shot, a scream, and a bullet whistling over his head, told him, in a moment, that the dreaded savages were upon them. He looked, and the girl had tumbled from the tree, like a bird from a bough, upon the bosom of her mother. The sight of his agonised sister struck horror to the heart of the pioneer; but his experience of such scenes suggested, that, all unarmed as he was, he must abandon her to



her fate, and seek revenge hereafter, or be butchered, in vain resistance, upon the spot. Another scream from the frenzied mother, and he saw the hatchet of an Indian buried in the brain of the terrified boy, who clung to her for protection, as the demoniac figure leaped, with uplifted arm, from a neighbouring thicket. Had he looked again, he might have seen the red hand of a savage twined in the locks of his unhappy sister; but horror had shut his heart upon her. He looked not, he waited not, till, shriek on shriek, her cries rang in his ears, each more piercing than the last. He knew that the hillock, on whose side he was standing, had hitherto screened his form from the keen eyes of the Indians; that his position gave him a chance of escape—a start in the death-race; and he seized it with the eagerness of desperation. Fear lent him wings, and he had gained the cover of the wood before the savages had finished binding their captive, and scalping the children before the eyes of their mother; but her horrid cry echoed upon his brain like a death-peal long afterwards; and when, upon returning with his neighbours to the fatal scene of the catastrophe, her body could not be found beside those of her children, and her doom as a prisoner had been confirmed by other evidence, he disappeared from the country, and, like the unhappy woman herself, was never heard of more. The father of the family learned, at a distance, of the desolation which had fallen upon his household, and wandering to some remote spot on the border, he never returned to his ruined home; while the last of the family, growing up to man's estate, now enjoyed the little patrimony of which I found him in possession, and of which these disastrous events had made him the only heir."

#### WAS SHAKSPEARE EVER IN SCOTLAND?

THE minute and exact knowledge of Scottish topography and scenery which Shakspeare displays in *Macbeth*, and the fact of an English company of players having been sent by Queen Elizabeth to entertain King James at Edinburgh, have led to a supposition, which natives of Scotland would fain believe true, that the illustrious dramatist visited that country. There is, however, no decisive evidence of such a fact, unless the document we are about to introduce to notice should prove to be so.

In September 1630, the conductor of an Edinburgh newspaper received a communication, signed "J. Donaldson," and dated from "Allonhill;" in which advice was asked respecting the disposal of a quantity of old papers, chiefly letters, represented as having been left by a Mr Hardie, writer in Edinburgh, and enclosing one of these as a specimen, with permission to publish it. The enclosure being the copy of a letter apparently written by Ben Jonson during his Scottish tour, and in which an allusion was made to Shakspeare having acted in Edinburgh, the editor thought it his duty, among his notices to correspondents, to ask for some voucher of its authenticity, with the view of presenting it to the world. In the course of a few days he received a second letter from Mr Donaldson, referring him for a guarantee of his honour to a professional gentleman resident in Bathgate, with whom the editor was acquainted. On inquiry, however, this gentleman could not remember any such individual as was described to him, and, from that time to the present, the matter has remained in a state of dubiety. The fact in question is nevertheless of so much importance, that, happening to possess a copy of the letter ascribed to Jonson, we have resolved to publish it in this place, with the hope of its attracting the attention of Mr Donaldson, if there be such a person, or any other who may be able to throw light upon it. It is as follows:—

"Master vill,

quhen we were drinking at my Lordis on Sunday, you promised yat you would gett for me my Lordis coppie he lent you of my Lord Sempill his interlude callit philotas, and quhich vill Shakspeare told me he acit in edinburt, quhen he was yair wit the players, to his gret contentment and delighe. My man waits your answer;

So give him the play,

And lette him awaye

To your assured friend  
and loving servand,

Ben Jonson.

From my lodging in the canonagat,  
Mch the twelt, 1619.

[Endorsed]

To my very good friend,  
the lairde of Hawthorn-den—Yese."

The individual to whom the letter appears to have been addressed was the celebrated Drummond of Hawthornden, to visit whom was the chief object of Jonson's pilgrimage to Scotland, and with whom he spent some time at Hawthornden. The interlude of Philotas was produced some time before Shakspeare's supposed visit, but its author has hitherto been unknown to Scottish antiquaries. It may be added, that the diction of the letter appears characteristic, particularly

the rhyme at the end. We conclude by expressing an earnest hope that the importance of establishing so interesting a fact in the biography of Shakspeare will induce any one possessing information on the subject, to bring it forward, either by transmitting it to us, or publishing it in any other work.

#### IMPROVEMENT FROM BOTANICAL PURSUITS.

NOTHING is perhaps so indicative of the improving tastes of society as the constant issue from the press of works illustrative of the several departments of Natural History, and particularly of the science of Botany. Such a circumstance is the best evidence that could be obtained to prove that pursuits connected with the animal propensities are happily on the decline, and that amusement and edification are now more dependent on subjects yielding enduring gratification to the mind. Botany, one of the most useful and most extensive departments of human knowledge, or, as it may be termed, the science of Beauty—the science which develops the wonders of the vegetable creation, and, at the same time, affords the most delightful exercise to the perceptions, is every day becoming a more attractive study, and gaining a greater number of admirers from both sexes—a circumstance which must be gratifying to the philanthropic observer. To the many excellent, though generally elaborate treatises on this interesting science, a valuable addition has just been made, purposely suited for the initiation of students. The author is a Mr James Main, a well-known writer on vegetable physiology and rural subjects, who, we believe, resides near London; and his little work appears under the modest title of *POPULAR BOTANY*. From what we have read of the production, it appears to consist of an admirable digest of the several branches of botany, physiological and systematic, and is so liberally interspersed with engravings and cuts, that he must be a dull scholar indeed who remains ignorant of the subject after bestowing upon it an ordinary degree of attention. The study of the structure and physiology of plants is the most pleasing department of botanical science; the acquisition of a knowledge of systematic arrangement, according to Linnaeus, is much more difficult and tiresome, but is, nevertheless, absolutely essential, and therefore must be attained. The following observations of Mr Main, we hope, will not be without their effect in inducing the young to commence a course of botanical study:—

"The improvement of the quality, and increase of the number of useful vegetables, useful to man, is the end or purpose of the study of botany. But the way to that end is long, and embraces much of interest, not only as regards the structure and economy of plants themselves, but as regards the circumstances of place and time under which they appear, and in consequence of which they put on those differences of appearance, which make this kingdom of nature so exceedingly diversified. There must, however, be a beginning; and as the acquiring of knowledge which already exists, and which has been put into a scientific form, is, in some respects, the reverse of the original discovery of this knowledge, the student naturally begins where those who formed the science ended; that is, he begins with the classification, which being a shortened index to the different species of plants, renders a general knowledge of the whole much more easily and speedily acquired than if the student were to begin with a single plant, and endeavour to find out what the circumstances are to which its distinguishing characters are owing.

Systematic botany has no very alluring aspect to a beginner. The great number of titles of the classes and orders, to say nothing of the generic and specific names, is a bar to commencing the study of the science. But when set about in earnest, the first difficulties quickly vanish; still much attention and time is required before such a knowledge of it can be acquired as to yield real pleasure to the student.

Initiation into this, as into all other sciences, is laborious; stepping over the threshold is a kind of mental drudgery, and is in fact the most irksome part of the undertaking; but when the student is fairly within the pale, the different avenues into the interior and more occult regions of the science are opened up; those thick clouds of difficulty which timidity or indolence had formed, are soon dispersed, and the student finds himself in an open expanse—in a new world, where he finds a thousand new objects which he can name at first sight. When this much is attained, the study becomes every day more and more interesting; every new plant is sought and examined with avidity: research is no longer toil; on the contrary, such investigation becomes delightful exercise, yielding positive pleasure; while every accession to the previous stock of knowledge is attended by fresh gratification.

The amateur botanist proceeding in this way soon acquires a competent knowledge of this pleasing science; he gradually becomes cognisant of the greater features, and gains such an insight into the details as dispels every obscurity which he thought he saw before him on his first entrance on the study. And when this much is accomplished, he enjoys every satisfaction that can arise from the knowledge of one of the most interesting branches of natural history, and which, moreover, is a necessary accomplishment of every well-educated mind.

To ladies particularly, and to the young of both sexes, the study of botany is a most agreeable exercise and amusement. Flowering plants always claim the regard of the young, of refined minds; and none are more enthusiastic lovers of fine plants than the aged botanist. For the pencil of the female artist, where can such elegance of form and delicacy of colour be found for imitation as in the parterre? or what can embellish the dwellings of the rich, or cottages of the poor, more than the floral products of the garden?

Many are lovers of flowers who are not at the same time botanists. This feeling is as innocent as it is rational; it is a source of pleasure, but only in a subordinate degree to that enjoyed by those who to their love of flowers add scientific knowledge; who not only know the name, but can tell to what class or tribe the plant belongs—whether native or foreign—whether sanatory or noxious. No portion of human lore in natural phenomena yields more gratification to the well-constituted mind than a scientific knowledge of plants.

To be a practical or professional botanist requires a long lifetime of close application and study. To store in memory nearly one hundred thousand names requires a power of retention enjoyed by few; and to nomenclature must be added a knowledge of the history of plants—their natural habitat as well as their culture: without an intimate acquaintance with these things no one can be a practical botanist.

In fine, in this improving age we have every reason to believe that no obstruction to the acquirement of pure botanical science will long remain in the way to impede the progress of the careful student. Every approach will be rendered open and every path made easy and inviting by those masters who are now so deservedly at the head of the science. It may be added, that those who have no intention of aspiring to be scientific botanists, may yet devote their leisure hours to a kind of botanising with great advantage and pleasure to themselves, if they have ever so small a piece of ground; or if wanting that, a herbarium, requiring only a few sheets of brown paper, will supply an endless source of amusement and instruction. By filling this receptacle with the commonest flowers, they may gain a very clear insight into systematic botany by merely putting together every flower they meet with, whether the names be known or not, according to its general character. For instance, collect all the bell-shaped flowers (*campanula*) and place them together; do the same with the funnel-shaped (bindweed), the masked (snap-dragon), the lipped (dead nettle), the cross-shaped (charlock), the rose-shaped (poppy), the lily-like (daffodil), the butterfly-shaped (broom), the compound (daisy), and so forth. Even such an attempt as this would be a pleasing and rational employment; a valuable first step to a better and more refined knowledge of plants; which might be exercised in every walk into the garden, or in every ramble in the fields."

#### THE DEEPEST MINE IN GREAT BRITAIN.

FROM experiments made by geologists, there is every reason to suppose that the internal parts of the globe are in a state of extreme heat, if not fluid ignition, and that this arises from the combination of oxygen gas with the metals which form the bases of the earths and alkalis. To no other cause can be traced the existence of volcanic fires, hot-water springs, and other remarkable phenomena connected with the body of the earth. The internal heat of the globe increases in intensity according to the depth we penetrate from the surface, also the nature of the strata through which the perforations are made. In illustration of this interesting subject of geological inquiry, the Durham Advertiser newspaper, some months ago, presented the following account of the shafts of certain collieries in the north of England, and the experiments made to determine the degrees of heat at various depths in the mines.

"The shaft at present sinking at Monkwearmouth colliery, near Sunderland, has attained a considerably greater depth than any mine in Great Britain (or, estimating its depth from the level of the sea, than any mine in the world). Pearce's shaft, at the Consolidated mine in Cornwall, was till lately the deepest in the island, being about 1470 feet in perpendicular depth, of which 1150 feet are below the surface of the sea. The bottom of Woolf's shaft (also at the Consolidated mines) is 1290 feet below the sea; but its total depth is less than that of Pearce's shaft. The bottom of the Monkwearmouth shaft is already upwards of 1500 feet below high-water mark, and 1600 feet below the surface of the ground. It was commenced in May 1826. The upper part of the shaft passes through the lower magnesian limestone strata which overlap the south-eastern district of the great Newcastle coal-field, and which, including a stratum of 'freestone sand,' at the bottom of the limestone, extended at Monkwearmouth to the thickness of three hundred and thirty feet, and discharged, towards the bottom of the strata, the prodigious quantity of 3000 gallons of water per minute—for the raising of which into an off-take drift, a double-acting steam-engine, working with a power of from 180 to 200 horses, was found necessary. The first unequivocal stratum of the coal formation, viz. a bed of coal 1½ inches thick, was not reached till August 1831 (being about 344 feet below the surface), after which the tremendous influx of water which had so long impeded the sinking operations, was 'stopped

back' by a cylindrical 'metal tubing' or casting, fitted (in a series of small portions) to the shaft, and extending from below the above bed of coal to within twenty-six yards of the surface. The sinking now proceeded with spirit—still no valuable bed of coal was reached, although the shaft had passed considerably above 600 feet into the coal measures, and much deeper than had hitherto been found requisite for reaching some of the known seams. It became evident that the miners were in unknown ground. A new 'feeder of water' was encountered at the great depth of 1000 feet, requiring fresh pumps and a fresh outlay of money. The prospects of the owners became unpromising in the eyes of most men, and were denounced as hopeless by many of the coal-viewers. Coal-viewing, however, had as yet been limited to some 200 or 220 fathoms; and the views of the Messrs Pemberton (the enterprising owners of this colliery) were not to be bounded by such ordinary depths; they considered rightly that the thickness of the coal formation might be vastly greater where protected by the superincumbent limestone, than where exposed to those denudations which in the neighbourhood of the 'rise' collieries had probably swept away the strata through which their own shaft had hitherto been sunk; that they were, therefore, justified in anticipating the larger and known seams at greater depths; and that, in case the larger seams had (as was intimated) been split into smaller strata, the same causes which in other places had produced their subdivision, might, at Monkwearmouth, have effected their junction. They contemplated, therefore, their sinking, and in October last reached a seam of considerable value and thickness, at the depth of 1578 feet below the surface; and presuming that this newly discovered seam was identified with the Bensham seam of the Tyne (or Maudlin seam of the Wear), they are rapidly deepening their shaft, in anticipation of reaching the Hutton or most valuable seam at no distant period; but which (if their anticipations are well founded) will be found at a depth approaching 300 fathoms from the surface! In the mean time, however, workings have very recently commenced in the supposed Bensham seam.

A party of scientific gentlemen descended into these workings, and, aided by every facility and assistance which could be afforded to them by the Messrs Pemberton, made several barometric and thermometric observations, the detail of which will be deeply interesting to many of our readers. A barometer at the top of the shaft (87 feet above high-water mark) stood at 30.513, its attached thermometer (Fahrenheit) being 53. On being carried down to the new workings (1584 feet below the top) it stood at 32.280, and in all probability higher than ever before seen by human eye; the attached thermometer being 58. Four workings or drifts had been commenced in the coal; the longest of them, being that 'to the dip,' 22 yards in length and nearly 2 in breadth—to the end of which the current of fresh air for ventilating the mine was diverted (and from which the pitmen employed in its excavation had just departed)—was selected for the following thermometric observations. Temperature of the current of air near the entrance of the drift, 62 (Fahrenheit); near the end of the drift, 63; close to the face or extremity of the drift and beyond the current of air, 63. A piece of coal was hewn from the face; and two thermometers, placed in the spot just before occupied by the coal (their bulbs being instantly covered with coal dust), rose to 71. A small pool of water was standing at the end of the drift. Temperature of this water at 11 o'clock, 70; three hours later, 69½. A register thermometer was buried 18 inches deep below the floor, and about 10 yards from the entrance of the drift; forty minutes afterwards its maximum temperature was 67. Another register thermometer was similarly buried near the end of the drift, and after a similar period indicated a maximum temperature of 70. It was then placed in a deeper hole and covered with small coal; some water oozed out of the side of this hole to the depth of six or eight inches above the thermometer, which, upon being examined after a sufficient interval of time, indicated a temperature of 71½. A stream of gas bubbles (igniting with the flame of a candle) issued through the water collected in this hole: the bulbs of two very sensible thermometers were immersed under water in this stream of gas, and indicated a temperature constantly varying between 71.5 and 72.6. A thermometer was lowered to the bottom of a hole drilled to the depth of 2½ feet on the floor of another of the workings, and the atmospheric air excluded from it by a tight stopping of clay; the thermometer being raised, after a lapse of forty-eight hours, stood at 71.2.

The above observations will accord with the prevailing [and certainly well-grounded] opinion, that the temperature of the earth increases with the depth from the surface. It must not, however, be forgotten that causes may be assigned for an increase of temperature in this and other coal mines, independently of the presumed subterranean heat. Those who are familiar with coal mines must have frequently witnessed the effects of the enormous pressure of the superincumbent strata; and a weight of 25,000 or 30,000 tons, which had lately reposed upon the coal hitherto occupying the drift above described, had suddenly been transferred to the coal strata on the sides of this drift. Hence those constant indications of tremendous pressure—the cracking of the sides and roof, the 'heaving of the floor,' and the crumbling

of their materials, furnishing admission of air and water to innumerable fragments of shale, coal, and pyrites—circumstances which are abundantly calculated to occasion an increase of temperature, both by mechanical compression and chemical decomposition, although wholly inadequate, as we conceive, to the generation of the temperature recorded above; and the presence and the lights of the pitmen were obviously inoperative in producing the effects remarked. Other experiments, however, in the prosecution of these inquiries, are, with the obliging permission of the owners, contemplated at Monkwearmouth colliery; and amongst the minor advantages arising from their magnificent undertaking, will doubtless be the solution of any remaining doubts of the existence of considerable subterranean heat at accessible depths beneath the surface of the earth."

#### SCOTTISH COMIC SONGS, SUPPOSED TO BE HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED.

No. III.

##### THE ANCIENT MAIDEN. TUNE—Wooded and Married and a'.

[We have been assured, by competent authority, that this song, intensely humorous as it is, was the production of a young clergyman of one of the dissenting persuasions.]

Oh dear, I am now thirty-six,  
Though some rather mair wad me ca';  
And ane just sae auld to get married,  
Has little or nae chance ava.  
And when I think upon this,  
Lang sighs frae my bosom I draw;  
Oh, is it not awfu' to think  
I'm no to be married ava?  
No to be married ava,  
No to be married ava;  
Oh, is it not awfu' to think,  
I'm no to be married ava.

For ilka young lass that can boast,  
That she has a lover or twa,  
Will haud out her finger, and say,  
That body has got name ava.  
And then when they a' get married,  
Their husbands will let them gang braw,  
While they laugh at auld maids like mysel,  
For no getting married ava.  
No to be married, &c.

Some wives that are wasters o' men,  
Wear dune naething less than their twa;  
But this I wad haud as a crime,  
That ought to be punished by law.  
For are they no muckle to blame,  
When thus to themselves they tak a'?  
Ne'er thinking o' mony an auld maid,  
That's no to be married ava.  
No to be married, &c.

But as for the men that get married—  
Although it were some ayont twa,  
I think they should aye be respectit  
For helping sae mony awa.  
But as for the auld bach'lor bodies,  
Their necks every ane I could thrav,  
For nocht is the use o' their lives,  
No to be married ava.  
No to be married, &c.

Oh, gin I could get but a husband,  
Although he were never sae sma';  
Oh, be what he like, I wad tak him,  
Though scarce like a mannie ava.  
Come souter, come tailor, come tinkler,  
Oh come but and tak me awa!  
Oh gin I could get a bodie ne'er sae little,  
I'll tak it and never say na.  
No to be married, &c.

Come deaf, or come dumb, or come cripple,  
Wi' ae leg, or nae leg ava,  
Or come ye wi' ae ee, or nae ee,  
I'll tak ye as ready's wi' twa.  
Come young, or come auld, or come doited,  
Oh come ony ane o' ye a';  
Far better be married to something,  
Than no to be married ava.  
No to be married, &c.

Now, lads, an there's ony amang ye,  
Wad like just upon me to ca',  
Ye'll find me no ill to be courted,  
For shyness I hae put awa.  
And if ye should want a bit wife,  
Ye'll ken to what quarter to draw;  
And e'en should we no mak a bargain,  
We'll aye get a kisse or twa.  
No to be married, &c.

**LEGAL PHRASEOLOGY.**—The following happy parody on the verbosity of legal phraseology, occurs in a work just published, entitled "The Mechanics of Law-Making."—"If a man would, according to law, give to another an orange, instead of saying, 'I give you that orange,' which one should think would be what is called, in legal phraseology, 'an absolute conveyance of all right and title therein,' the phrase would run thus—"I give you all and singular my estate and interest, right, title, claim, and advantage of and in that orange, with all its rind, skin, juice, pulp, and pips, and all right and advantage therein, with full power to bite, cut, suck, and otherwise eat the same, or give the same away, as fully and effectually as I, the said A. B., am now entitled to bite, cut, suck, or otherwise eat the same orange, or give the same away, with or without its rind, skin, juice, pulp,

and pips, anything hereinbefore, or hereinafter, or in any other deed or deeds, instrument or instruments, of what nature or kind soever, to the contrary in any wise, notwithstanding;" with much more to the same effect. Such is the language of lawyers; and it is very gravely held by the most learned men among them, that by the omission of any of these words, the right to the said orange would not pass to the person for whose use the same was intended."

#### HOW TO KEEP A COW AND FIG UPON AN ACRE OF LAND.

1. Never let the cow out of the cow-house. 2. Carry her food and water to her. 3. Do not keep one foot of land in pasture. 4. Dig your land instead of ploughing it. 5. Never throw away any thing that can be turned into manure. 6. Keep your land well weeded, and collect a large dunghill.

A small cow, which is best for a cottager, will eat from seventy to eighty pounds of good moist food of the following kinds in a day: Lucern or clover, and the leaves of yellow beet or mangel wurzel, from the beginning of spring to the end of autumn; and the roots of yellow beet or mangel wurzel, Swedish turnips, potatoes, and straw, from the end of autumn till the beginning of spring.

If the cow is carried once a-day, it will increase the quantity of milk.

To procure the above-mentioned crops, you must have plenty of manure, which you will obtain by careful management. Rushes, potato-stalks, and weeds before they seed, should be industriously collected for the cow's litter.

LUCERN requires a good and deep soil. The ground for it should be well dug, two spits deep, and the manure deposited at one spit deep. It must be sown very early in the spring, in drills nine inches apart. The quantity of seed, one ounce and a quarter to the perch. It must be kept carefully free from weeds, and watered with the liquid manure from time to time; ashes also are a good manure for it. It sometimes admits of four cuttings in the summer, and with attention to the foregoing rules will continue productive for ten or twelve years. It will not do well upon shallow or boggy land, in which case red clover will be the substitute.

SWEDISH TURNIPS.—Prepare the land as if for drilling potatoes, open the drills about twenty inches distant, the deeper the better; fill them with manure, cover them with four or five inches of earth, make the top smooth and level, then with a dibble make holes two inches in depth, and about twelve inches apart, and drop a seed into every hole. Keep them free from weeds. Three-quarters of a pound of seed will sow twenty perches. The time for sowing is in May.

MANGEL WURZEL, OR YELLOW BEET.—The ground to be prepared the same way as for Swedish turnips; from the 20th to the end of April is the best time for sowing; half a pound of seed will sow twenty perches. In August and September pull the leaves for the cow; these will last till you take up and store the roots, which should be done before the frost sets in.

RED CLOVER (to be used only where lucern will not suit the soil) will afford a large quantity of green food as well as hay from ten square perches. It will last from two or three years on the same ground; one ounce and a quarter of seed is sufficient for a perch. The ground should be well and deeply dug, and made as fine as possible. The time of sowing is from February till April. The seed put in immediately after you have sown your oats half an inch deep in clayey soils, and one inch on loose soils; a coat of manure should be put on in spring and autumn. It may be cut two or three times in the season, and should not be given to the cow till it has been cut some hours, or she would be in danger of bursting.

Some dry food should be given with the roots. The daily supply for a cow for the winter (about 180 days) may be as follows:—30 lbs. of mangel wurzel, or yellow beet—30 lbs. of Swedish turnips—14 lbs. of straw.—*Labourers' Friend Magazine*.—[We have not room to insert the diagrams which follow, pointing out the rotation of crops to accomplish the above purposes. It may, however, be sufficient to state, that, supposing the land of the peasant to consist of four roads, in the first year he devotes a road for oats, a second road to potatoes, a third to lucern, and a fourth to beet and Swedish turnips; in the second year he puts potatoes on the first road, beet and turnips on the second, lucern on the third, and oats on the fourth; in the third year he puts beet and turnips on the first, oats on the second, lucern on the third, and potatoes on the fourth. By this means he effects a proper rotation of cropping, advantageous in keeping his land in heart. It will be easy for him to devote spare borders to the raising of onions and seeds.]

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